

August
1
1930

Life

Price
10
cents



UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN
JUL 30
1930
ANN ARBOR
MICHIGAN

Ed
Corbett

...to work



Is 4000 pounds
of automobile
really necessary to move these people?



...to school

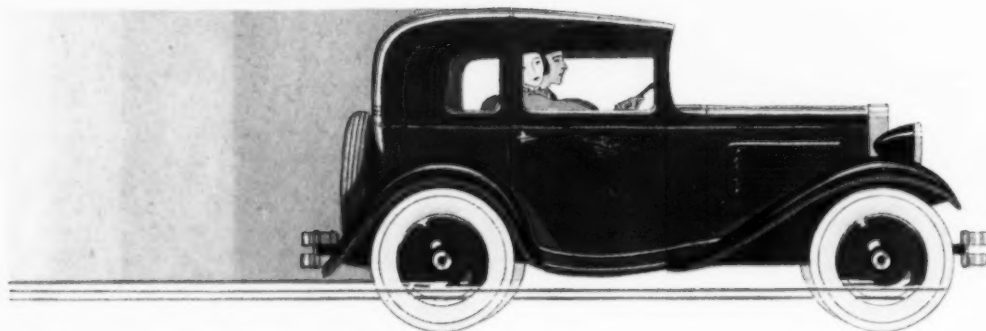
...to shop



...to play



...to depot



Let's have common-sense transportation

Why use two tons of plush, rubber, and steel just to carry one or two people from *hither* to *thither*? How much more appropriate to slip into a bantam Austin for the minor journeys and leave the gas eating goliath to wait for family tasks more worthy of its tonnage.

Thrifty folk (who so often count their fortunes in millions) point out the following virtues of the American Austin. It will run forty miles on a gallon of gas . . . a thousand on a five pint filling of oil . . . twenty to forty thousand on a set of tires.

Always quick to scent an economy they have discovered that an Austin *and* a large car is less expensive than the large car alone. The big car costs say 2¾ cents a mile for gas, oil and

tires. Austin costs but ¾ of a cent. Use each one half the time and the average cost is but a little over 1½ cents.

Eight years of intercontinental fame lie back of the Austin, with cups and medals galore for speed, endurance, and hill climbing the world over. The bodies are newly designed with all the grace and smartness in miniature of America's most gallant cars.

Incredibly comfortable. Holds two people, even six footers and two hundred pounders. List price \$445, f.o.b. Butler, Pa.

See it now at the nearest distributor's showroom . . . write us and we'll tell you where.

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR COMPANY, INCORPORATED
7300 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



THE AMERICAN
Austin



Egyptian Royal Automobile Club Race: First.



India, Bombay Speed Trials: First—Club Record Broken.



New Zealand, Otage M. C. Hill Climb. First and Second.



Scotland, Irvine Reliability Trial, Glasgow: First.



"Whoo-hoo down there! Promise not to look!"

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

Death Near Water

(Mr. T. S. Eliot Reviews *A Summer*)

After the moonlight cold on sweaty faces

After the chilly silences at breakfast tables

After the outboards and International races

The steady drinking and the lying Cruisers and yacht clubs and golfing Sun Tans, Treasure Hunts, mixed doubles

That which was living is now dead
We who were living are now sighing

Entonces de que!

And that weekend, staying at Southampton

You had two little water spaniels, they were called Flotsam and Jetsam

Flotsam and Jetsam were lovers.
Hey! Hey! *Aut Caesar aut nullus*
Along the beach the women come and go

Discussing sex and Jean Cocteau.
For I have known them all, already, known them all

Have known the deadly bridge games afternoons

I have measured out my life with highball spoons

Have known the answers used from spring to fall

'Neath the awnings in the lock room
So, do I then presume?

Putt Putt Putt

Tinkle Tinkle Tinkle

No more for me

My future just passed.

Here we go round the weekend guest
Weekend guest weekend guest

Here we go round the weekend guest
At five o'clock in the morning.

I shall be Circe, returned from the dead

I shall turn all hosts to pigs.

Mr. Maybach, famous raconteur

Has a bad time, nevertheless

Is known to be the wisest weekend guest in town

With a sure fire line of gags, Here, said he

Is the latest one from Dorothy Parker (and vice versa) Ha!

Here is one by Robert Benchley

The mad one.

Here's a tale from Alexander Wollcott

And here's another, Here's how!

Place aux dames

Quantum mutatus ab illo

Along the beach the women come and go

Discussing sex and Jean Cocteau.

This is the way the week ends

This is the way the week ends

This is the way the week ends

Not worth a hang, not worth a whimper.

—ed graham.

The New LAFAYETTE

Decorated in l'art moderne as France Decrees the moment



Salon Mixte of New "Lafayette"

SOMETHING you have been waiting for . . . a cabin ship with de luxe comforts! » » Decorations by such artists as Guy Arnoux . . . rugs by Aubusson . . . great wide modern windows that flood every Salon with sunshine, daring modern lighting . . . a lavish sweep of deck for sports and lounging . . . ventilating system throughout the same as that of the "Ile de France" » » Every cabin with its bath or shower . . . adjustable heat control and plenty of trunk space » » English speaking stewards who anticipate every wish . . . French Line cuisine, known the world over » » The "De Grasse," the "Rochambeau" and the new "Lafayette" manned by French seamen, whose ancestors tamed the Atlantic before Columbus, form the cabin service across the "longest gangplank in the world" to Plymouth for London . . . a few hours later Le Havre, the port of Paris, down the gangplank to a covered pier . . . a waiting express . . . three hours and the city Napoleon loved.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write to 19 State Street, New York City

You'd like to be in this man's shoes . . . yet he has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

A YACHT, the graceful lines of which are as well known on Narragansett Bay as they are in the home port behind the Golden Gate—a half dozen town houses and country seats—a flock of gleaming motors and a railroad or two—this man has *everything* the world has to offer—and "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

And he doesn't know what it is!

A power among big men, he feels *furtive* about the dry, scaly condition between his little toes.* But he will know soon what worries him for now all medical authority knows that what he has is a form of ringworm infection caused by *tinea trichophyton* and commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

***Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

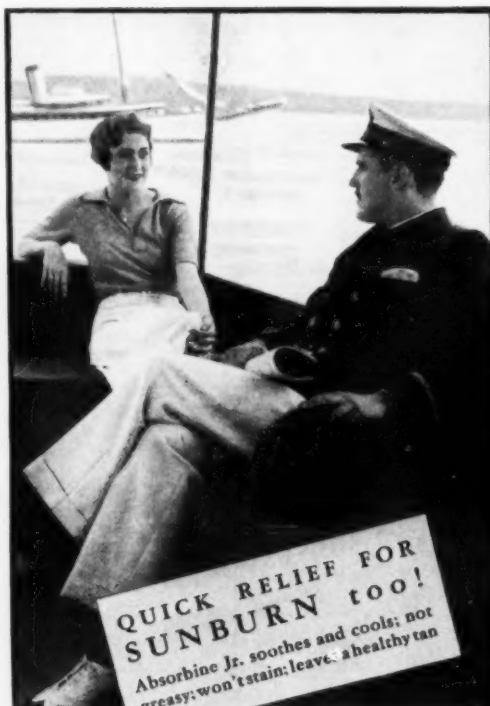
And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Public Health Service finds "It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time." And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED
SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR
ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS,
CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.



germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it kills the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." Don't be fooled by mild symptoms. Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

How To Get A Stiff Shirt On In A Hurry

(As Learned From Old Mother Experience)

GLANCE at watch. You are due at the Plivvuses in fifteen minutes. Seize shirt firmly in both hands and remove pins. Extract studs, collar buttons and cuff links from dirty shirt and insert in clean one, taking care to put links in one side of cuff only. Get into shirt, button at the neck, and secure studs in the front (which you accomplish with totally unexpected ease).

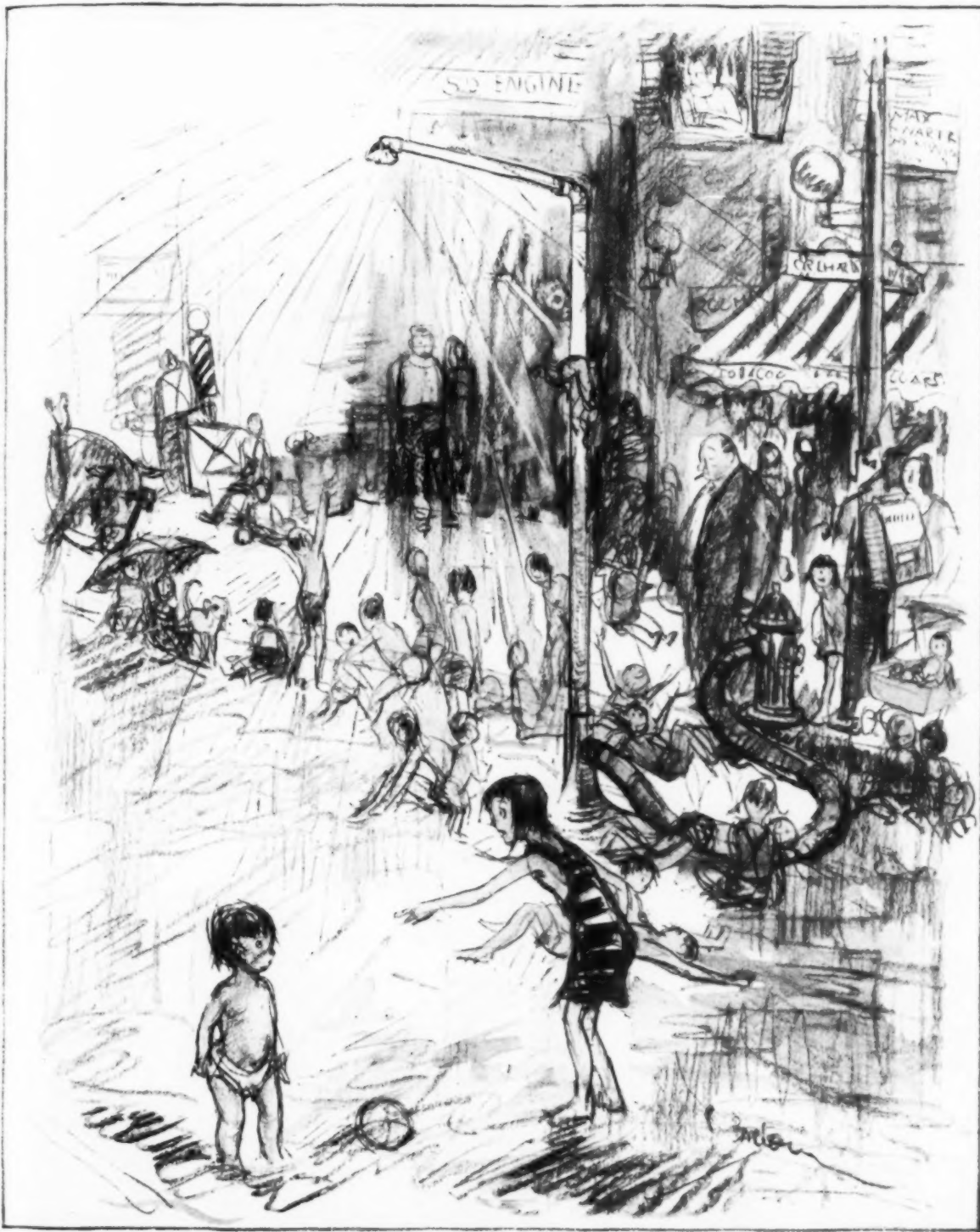
Glance at watch. You have now only to get your cuffs together. Grab right cuff (the side of the right cuff with the links in it) with left hand, and wrap it gingerly around your wrist until it comes in juxtaposition with the other (and empty) buttonhole. Aim links at button hole. Whoa. Try it again. Once more, now. No. Moisten button hole with tip of tongue. Now, then—The link slides through a little way. Quick, now! Grab it. Oh my. Your finger slipped, didn't it? Come, come, the time's getting short. Again now. Ah! You've got it! No, it slipped again. Once more . . . Gosh, isn't it maddening?

Undo studs and front collar button and remove shirt from torso. Now insert cuff links in other button holes of both cuffs. Surprisingly easy, isn't it? Put on shirt . . . Well, for heaven's sake, who'd ever have thought that a quiet unassuming chap like you had such big powerful hands? They just won't go through the cuffs, will they? No, I'm right. Undo cuffs as before, put on shirt, and try again. Get some determination into it. Slide that button through. There! At last you've got a death grip on it between thumb and forefinger. Don't let it slip. Pull! Pull! Snap! The link seems to have broken. Wouldn't you think they'd make them stronger, everything considered? I would.

Remove shirt for second time, throw it in waste-basket, and put on blue suit with soft shirt, collar attached. On arriving twenty-five minutes late, stare haughtily at all other males (in dinner jackets) and inquire how come when the hostess distinctly said not to dress. They will never dare check up on you, and you'll have the laugh on them all evening. Maybe.

—Parke Cummings.

Life



"Now Mick dy'e hear! Don't go where it's deep!"



"But Myron, do you think mere physical attraction is enough?"

Mr. Coolidge Gets An Idea

MR. COOLIDGE: Red jack on the black queen, black nine on the red ten, red queen on the black king—play my six of spades.

MRS. COOLIDGE: Calvin, isn't it almost time for the messenger boy to call for your newspaper article?

MR. C.: I do not choose to write.

MRS. C.: But Calvin, you must.

MR. C.: Black five on the red six, red ten on the black jack—play my three of diamonds.

MRS. C.: You really should put away those cards and get to work. You haven't done anything all day.

MR. C.: Haven't done anything? I've won five games of solitaire.

MRS. C.: You haven't written your newspaper article. The boy will be here for it shortly.

MR. C.: I do not choose to write any more newspaper articles. Yesterday I misquoted myself.

MRS. C.: It must be written, Calvin.

MR. C.: I wish I was President again. I wish I'd never quit.

MRS. C.: You could write the article in five minutes if you'd only begin working on it.

MR. C.: You think I'm not working unless I'm sitting at a typewriter. That just shows how much you know about writing. All the time I'm playing solitaire I'm trying to think of an idea.

MRS. C.: I thought that was a splendid idea Mr. Hoover gave you. Couldn't you use it today?

MR. C.: Oh, that idea. That old "Peace on earth" idea. Been used a million times. Herbert is all right as a President, but I'd like to see him try to make good as a writer. I'd like to see him try it right now while stamps don't cost him anything. First rejection he got he'd quit.

MRS. C.: Have you thought any more about that prize fighting idea? What was it? Wasn't it something about an ape could whip both Schmeling and Sharkey?

MR. C.: Yes, but I'm afraid of it. I think it has been used.

MRS. C.: Well, you'll simply have to decide on something, Calvin.

MR. C.: You phone the editor and tell him I've got sinus trouble.

MRS. C.: Now Calvin. We can't do that. You mustn't give up so easily. Remember, it's persistence that put you where you are today. You always win because you are persistent.

MR. C.: Well, I do keep on trying.

MRS. C.: There's the messenger boy at the door now.

MR. C.: Wait! Tell him to wait five minutes! I've got an idea!

* * *

MR. C.: Here, boy. Tell the editor to try this on his linotype.

MRS. C.: Oh, you've finished.

MR. C.: Yes, and it's the best idea I've had this week, if I do say so myself. The subject is: "America's Prospects Are Bright If Her Citizens Are Persistent."

—Tom Sims.

Vindication

Two prohibition officers shot a man near Louisville, Ky., and, sure enough, he had a pint on him.

Testimonial

As we go to press Boston police have raided one speakeasy sixty-six times. It speaks well for the quality of liquor found there.

Incentive

A burglar entered a Detroit jewelry store and took only a simple platinum wedding ring—but if he uses it he'll be back.

Scare-O-Plane

One problem confronting country clubs is how to keep aeroplanes off the golf courses. A stuffed plane dangling from a tall pole might help.

Missprints

The Book Publishers Research Institute finds that forty-five per cent of the new books do not reach the second printing. This is not enough.

Alibi

Most of us are firmly convinced that we could make a success of life if we only had time.



DENTIST: *Charmed, I'm sure!*

Another of Those Laments

O H, for the dear dead days that were and the times
I used to know,
As I listened down in Finnegan's place to the tales of the
long ago!
Of the plight of the traveling salesman shy who came
to the crowded inn;
Of the cycling octogenarian; of the Methodist elder's sin.
Of the Scotchman's birthday present; of the piccolo player
dumb;
Of the prosperous Irish immigrant and his refuse-collecting
chum.
Of the clerk and the phonograph record, and many and
many a more
That kept me aroar with laughter till my ribs were strained
and sore.
Oh, take me back to the good old days when I listened
with carefree brow,
To the gay lads telling the barroom jokes that my daughter
tells me now!
—Baron Ireland.

—*Baron Ireland.*



"Gee, mister, I guess you gotta get somebody else to change your oil."



"Cap, I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married. I wanna get something offa' muh chest!"

The Back-seat Driver Goes Prohibition

"Ronald, I wouldn't drink that, if I were you. It's all cut up . . . I know, but there was a sign pointing in the other direction . . . Good Lord! slow down—do you want to choke? You drink as though you were on a state road . . . Hold out your hand when you swallow and don't turn around and stare at that label when you're drinking . . . Oh! You almost hit another bottle . . . Well, please be careful. Not so fast, and please keep *both* hands on the glass going round a corner . . . See that mark? . . . Well, there's a good shady place to stop and take a chaser . . . Gracious! You're *actually* stopping . . . Got a flat? . . . Oh, I see—out of fuel . . . Better sell it for junk and buy a brand new water wagon with a one-man cork . . . Lord, Ronald! . . . Don't turn that corkscrew so fast—you almost threw me out . . . I wish I wasn't in this back seat, I'd show you how to open 'er up . . . Ohhhh! There's a policeman. Now be polite and show him your drinking license . . . Tell him our speedometer only said ½ of 1%."



"Aw mom, I can't scrub m' back a'tall—is it all right if I scrub my front twice?"

Not Priceless

If I could make a poem to
Your eyes of warm pellucid blue,

A ballad to your charming nose
Which cannot be described in prose,

A sonnet to your fragrant mouth
(The rhymes to which are "south" and
"drouth")

Lines to your throat, and then a swarm
Of odes about your slender form,

'Twould make a lovely sheaf of song
To stir the heart-strings of the throng,

And if I did these poems well
They ought to be a cinch to sell!

—Berton Braley.

Never Again!

LATHAM: Ever eat in those arm-
chair lunch rooms?

GRAY: Just once. A left-handed man
sat next to me and ate my dinner.



SINBAD
Forgotten!

(7)

DWANA

The Truth About Jumbo

A well-known story that has been revived (and modified) tells the sad history of what really happened to Jumbo, the largest elephant in the world, who used to be one of the main attractions in Ringling Brothers circus parades. Being the pride of the menagerie, Jumbo used to head the procession of elephants—the next largest elephant holding onto his tail and so on down to the little baby pachyderms. But old age crept up on Jumbo and one day it was discovered that he had gone stone blind, so in arranging the parade it was deemed advisable to reverse the order of the elephants with the small ones leading, followed by the next in size and poor old Jumbo dejectedly bringing up the rear. As the parade passed down the main street some low, mean person who was eating a banana on the sidelines threw the peeling in front of Jumbo. He stepped on it, slipped, fell down, and tore the tails off of thirty-seven elephants.

The Commercial Muse

When buyers buy what salesmen sell
And smile at salemen's wheezes,
Then salesmen, like the poet, tell
That "every prospect pleases."

—A. L. L.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself.
Take each word, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *smite* with a *y* and get a difficult situation.
- (2) Scramble *clothe* with an *r* and get a laugh.
- (3) Scramble *their* with an *m* and get a cave man.
- (4) Scramble *spliced* with an *i* and get a faithful man.
- (5) Scramble *rentings* with a *u* and get an unfaithful man.

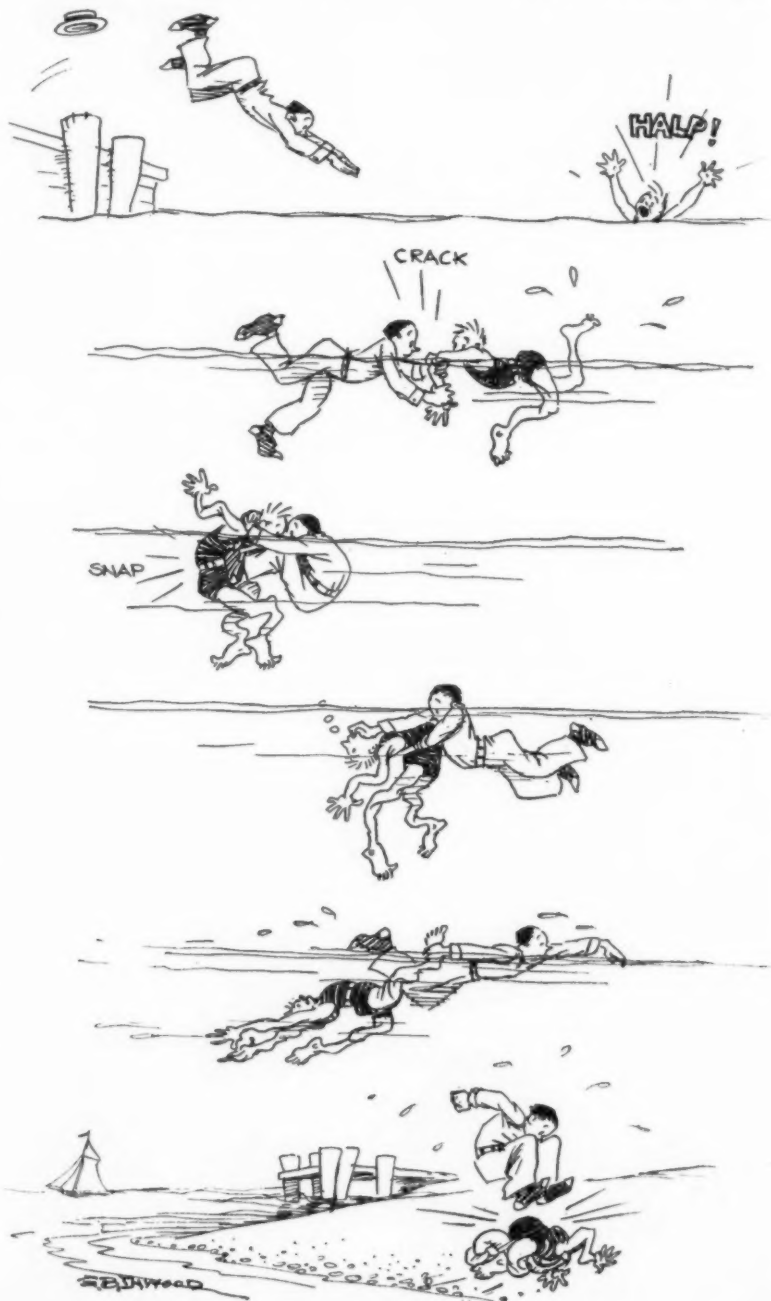
(Answers on Page 29)

The Art of Life Saving

"If clutched around the neck, immediately take a deep breath, lean well over your opponent, place the left hand in the small part of his back and draw your right arm in an upward direction until in line with his shoulder, and pass it at once over his arm. Then, with the thumb and forefinger, catch his nose and pinch the nostrils close; at the same time place the palm of your

hand on his chin and push firmly outward. This will cause him to open his mouth for breathing purposes, and he, being under you, will swallow water. Choking ensues, and not only is the rescuer freed, but the other is left so helpless as to be completely under control."

—Frank E. Dalton in
"Swimming Scientifically Taught."



The Front Line Defense

Napkins of 400 square inches to protect the expansive fronts of portly railroad travelers were recommended today as a standard size at the convention of the American Railway Association.—The New York Times.

Mr. H. W. Mellon,
Commissary Dept.,
Pennsylvania Railroad,
New York City.
Dear Mr. Mellon:

That's a wonderful improvement, I think, and you and your committee on supplies are to be congratulated. I suppose a great many railroad men at the convention tried, as usual, to duck the main issue and swing the conversation over to the question of electrifying the Pennsy from Manhattan Transfer through to Philadelphia, with utter disregard for 20 x 20 napkins. I say, take care of the little things and the big things will take care of themselves. After all, the successful operation of a railroad depends on the size of its napkins, and if 20 x 18's caused a falling off in revenue then 20 x 20's are your logical solution.

Now that you've disposed of the napkin problem I wonder if you won't go ahead and devise a scheme for meeting friends in Penn Station. The way you have it arranged now is bad, Mr. Mellon. You have two sets of stairs (no, *you* haven't; because I don't suppose that comes under the supervision of the Commissary Dept., but *someone* has two sets of stairs)—one going *up* from the trains and one *down* to the trains. These are shifted at random. Some days the stairs that go *down* to the trains go *up*, and the stairs that go *up* from the trains go *down*. Being a buyer of Boston brown bread and preserved figs you are naturally more interested in the area of your napkins than you are in the direction of your stairs, but if you'll try meeting someone you'll find, likely as not, that both stairs go *down* to the trains and there's no way to get *up* at all. Then we may get some action.

As far as meeting anybody at the top of the stairs is concerned, it's a 50-50 shot, assuming that they're not inspecting that T. A. T. plane in the main concourse. They certainly can't be expected to be at the top of both stairs, and if they stand at the top of the one passengers are coming *up* the passengers suddenly turn around and go

down, and if they wait at the top of the one passengers are going *down* the passengers just as suddenly decide to turn around and come *up*. Granted that your friend is supple enough to wait for you at the top of both stairs, the chances are you would get off at Manhattan Transfer, by mistake, and end up in downtown New York, missing her anyway.

Good Lord, sir! I would dispense with napkins, altogether, and wipe my mouth on my sleeve if you would solve this enigma. I wouldn't have brought this subject to your attention while you had napkins on your mind, Mr. Mellon, but now that you've added 40

square inches, the job is done and you're ready for the next (or will be, when you get back from the seashore the middle of September).

If you'd like to discuss this matter with me personally, I'll be glad to meet you in the Pennsylvania station any day to suit your convenience. You run *up* the stairs passengers are going *down* and I'll run *down* the stairs passengers are going *up* and we'll see if we can't meet each other somewhere—only you wear a 20 x 20 napkin under your chin so I'll know you.

Yours truly,

J. STAFFORD GIMMICH.

P. S. I enjoyed that special capon combination on your menu last Wednesday, but I wore a table cloth by mistake.

J. S. G.



"Allow me to present my accompanist—Mr. Sneed!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., July 10—Lay late, having lingered too long last night at the party at Dot's new boat-house, for, albeit I announced firmly after dinner at Point Judith that I would look in for only a moment, four A. M. found me dancing to the seductive strains of Markel's band, and with no tears in my eyes, neither. Reading, after a fine breakfast of melon and a ham omelette, in "The Story of San Michele," an absorbing book, and I was mightily impressed with what Dr. Munthe has to say about hypnotism, and wishful that on certain occasions I might be subjected to it, for it would be indeed marvelous to move like an automaton through a distasteful chore

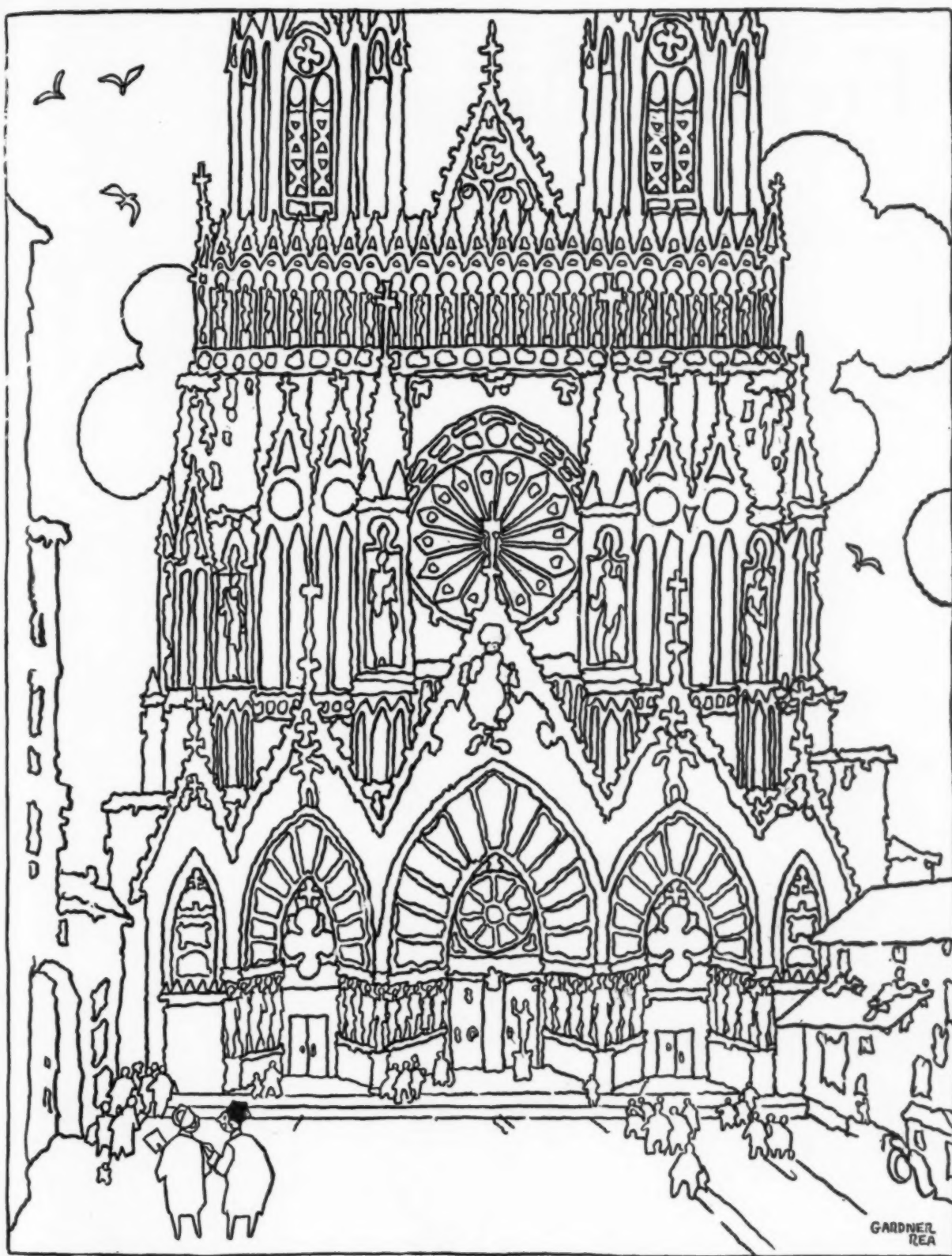
of work, and there are even social demands which I am sure I could meet with more equanimity if I were in a state of hypnosis. Finally up, and did on my pastel green lace suit and a straw hat almost as large as a cartwheel, and so with Samuel to Christ Church to see Betty Black married, praying, as I bent my head to the pew in front of us, that I should keep from sobbing aloud, for Lord! I am accustomed to bawl at weddings even when my acquaintance with the contracting parties is but slight. The music reminded me again of how all my life I had planned to have the march of the war priests from "Athalie" played for my own marriage procession, and completely forgot the intention until I was well down the aisle to "Lohengrin," and it was too late to change. So to the reception, staged in lovely gardens along the lake,

and as I was quitting the motor, Molly Stokes brushed a spider off my hat brim, confiding that she was not certain it had not gone down my bodice, causing me to do a small dervish and clutch wildly at my neckline, whereupon my beads snapped, and several gentlemen bestirred themselves to recover the pearls from the flagging to such a complimentary extent that I was obliged to confess loudly before several perfect strangers that the entire string was of no consequence, having cost but seven dollars and fifty cents in a department store.

JULY 11—This morning Billie Fanshawe did receive anonymously in the post a large box containing some silver and jewelry which had been stolen twenty years ago from her house in Philadelphia, including the brooch of rubies and diamonds which her husband had given her as a bridal present, and in ten minutes the tale was all over town, and by noon it had spread thirty-some miles, one of Oneonta's newspapers telephoning for the particulars of the story. A large company for luncheon, at which Granger Gaither told about a friend of his who had gone to a meeting of the Crusaders, an organization working against Prohibition, and had not returned to his home for two days, moving his wife to remark her misconception of crusading, for that she had hitherto supposed the idea was to come back *with* the cup, not *in* it. The discourse very merry and silly, unaccountably reaching a point where we were volunteering mythical bits from our biographies, and when Granger announced that he had shaved Edwin Booth's brother, Bill Langley shouted, "Well, if you did that, you could have saved Lincoln!" At backgammon all the afternoon with my cozen Florence, who is not only the best player that ever I met in my life, but such an adept at throwing doubles that she should be working the trans-Atlantic liners. Then to watch the tennis and have some tea, for which the cook had provided a plate of miniature cream puffs, and I ate three of them before Sam and Florence caught me, and was taken back to the days of my childhood when the village baker had cream puffs every Friday and would sell me six large ones for twenty-five cents, my entire weekly allowance, and I was obliged to bolt them all before appearing with an unsugared face before my elders, and Lord! I could have made way as easily with a dozen.



"Now Albert, don't go imagining things."

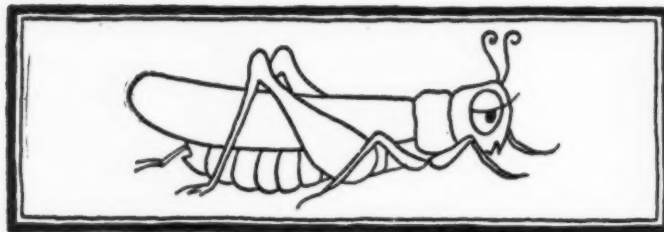


"They say it's very impressive!"

French Cuisine

Roast Grasshopper Voted Delicacy
by "Gourmets" of Paris

—Herald-Tribune.



The President
Societe d'Acclimation de Paris
Paris, France
Dear Sir:

Do you mean to say that this is the first time your society has eaten grasshoppers! I can't understand it, because I've been enjoying them, here in America, ever since I was a little boy in short pants. Yes, indeed, sir; I was put on grasshoppers soon after I graduated from the milk bottle to prunes, oatmeal and beef juice, and, like any other child, I used to eat every single one on my plate or else it was to bed with no dessert. As mother used to say: "Eat up all your grasshoppers, Jack, or you won't be big and strong like Daddy."

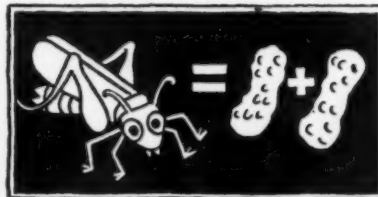
I don't know just how far Morocco is from Paris but it seemed to me like an awful waste of money to bring those grasshoppers all the way by airplane



the way you did. Not counting the percentage of loss through hopping out (or were they prepared in Morocco so they wouldn't hop?) they'd come to about \$1.25 apiece on the hoof.

You gourmets are certainly a great hand at finding bizarre things to eat. Not being satisfied with just plain grasshoppers you had to go flavor the dish with a liberal sprinkling of crick-

ets. Somehow a "liberal sprinkling of crickets" sounds cruel, as though they were kept pent up in a saltcellar. Here, in the States, that delicacy chirps—we never thought of sprinkling it—unless you consider the insecticides we blow into the cracks around the pantry shelves to get rid of them. You're more like exterminators than gourmets; do you know it, monsieur?



Your society claims that the nutritive value of the grasshopper compared to the peanut is as two to one. That may be true, but peanuts come in a neat little bag and don't jump up on your shoulder when you go to eat them.

I read, also, that you gourmets have eaten and liked armadillo, camel stew,

lizards, shark, python and other fauna. In other words, a good juicy chunk of roast beef isn't in it with a dish of June bugs. Well, your society ought to sit out on our porch some good hot night. Monsieur, it would literally make you ravenous to see those winged delicacies buzzing around the light. Everything from "soup to nuts," as we say over here.

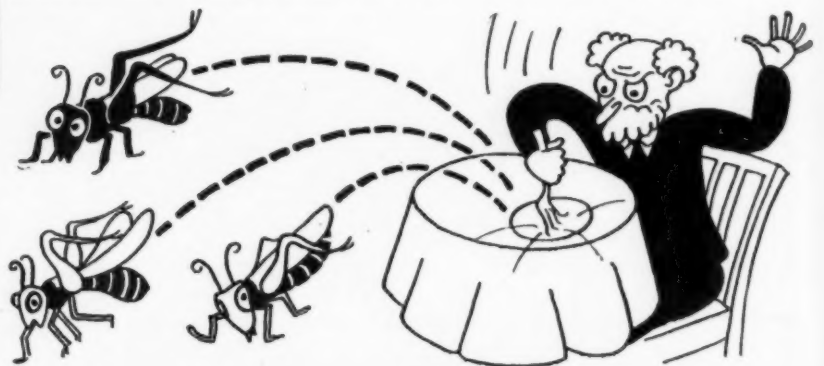
I'll grant you that grasshoppers and crickets are all right in moderation as an appetizer, but I wouldn't get too crammed full of them, or publish everything you decide to eat. Remember why they call you people "Frogs." You don't want to be called "Crickets" or "Grasshoppers," do you?

By the way, you ought to look over the Egyptian *carte du jour*—they have a plague of locusts down there which would *faire venir l'eau à la bouche*.

Au revoir,

JACK CLUETT.

P. S. *Avez vous jamais mangé* roast loin of mink?
J. C.
Pinewoods Ave., Troy, N. Y.



Imaginary Interviews

O. O. McINTYRE

I called on Mr. McIntyre in his room at the Ritz. When I entered I found him lying in bed talking to Mayor Walker, Dorothy Knapp, Herbert Bayard Swope, Nicky Arnstein, Albie Booth, Buddy Rogers, Claudette Colbert, Otto Kahn, and a red-haired girl, who I afterward found out was a hatch-check girl from the Central Park Casino.

"How do you do," I said, a little diffidently.

"Ah there, old chap," said Mr. McIntyre, "don't be at all uncomfortable. I'm a boy from the country myself."

"As a matter of fact, Mr. McIntyre," I replied, "I was born right here in New York."

Mr. McIntyre appeared interested.

"The dear old country," he said reminiscently, "the dear old country. I envy you."

"Me?" I asked, rather taken aback.

"Yes," the famed columnist replied, "how I'd like to be with you among the trees and flowers! I'd like to go over to the old opry house with you and wander over to the station in time for the mail train. I'd—"

He was interrupted by the telephone.

"Hello," he said, "oh hello, Florenz! Sure thing, I'll have lunch with you today. Shall we make it at two?"

"Let me see," he said, after hanging up. "Where were we?"

"You were talking about a mail train," I said.

Mr. McIntyre lit a cigarette. The door opened and in walked John D. Rockefeller, Bobbé Arnst, Carl Van Doren, Sinclair Lewis, Frances Williams, Grover Whalen and Eddie Cantor.

"I'd give anything to be back in the old home town once more," he said with a sigh. "After all, life in New York gets very boring. What part of the country are you from?"

"Forty-seventh Street," I said, "Forty-seventh and Madison Avenue."

"Lucky chap!" Mr. McIntyre said,

"lucky chap! Tell me, do they still have the checker games at the old general store and do the boys still snicker when the village belle passes?"

"Good Lord, no!" I said. "The general store has just hired the Best twins to pep up business for them and the village belle is ringing merrily in the talking pictures."

Mr. McIntyre mused.

"The dear old country," he said. "How I wish I were in your place! Let me see, it must be almost cider time!"

I was rapidly losing my self-control.

"Mr. McIntyre!" I cried. "I've got a one-way ticket to Gallipolis, Ohio. Can I sell it to you?"

Mr. McIntyre sank back in his pillow.

"The dear old country," he said. "Watkins"—he called to his valet—"throw this guy out!"

After all I'm glad he didn't live in the Chrysler Building, I comforted myself philosophically on the way down.

—A. S.



"You'd better try next door—we're being raided just now!"



Life Looks About

What Next?

CONAN DOYLE is dead. At least he died, as we say, on July 7, aged 71 years, though of course how dead he is is matter for discussion. He did not himself expect to be dead after he died and the later years of his life were devoted chiefly to considerations affecting that expectation. He wanted everybody to believe that we went on living after we died. He considered that there was ample evidence that we did, and he thought that no other item of information was as important to us as that one.

Bless the man! What an apostle he was! Ever since the War he has been on this job of putting spiritism across and making people believe that they could communicate with the dead; and he was very good at it. That remarkable faculty in him that came out in his stories also came out in his

spiritualistic writings. He was able to make them interesting.

THERE was plenty about him in the newspapers, as was natural, for as the creator of Sherlock Holmes he was a famous man. He would rather have based his reputation on his spiritualist labors, but about them also plenty was said. On that side of him the best piece was George Sylvester Viereck's interview with Doyle while still alive, which appeared in Hearst's *American*. Asked who was the greatest mentality of his time, Doyle said Sir Oliver Lodge, greater in his line than anyone in America because he led other scientists in spiritual insight. Nevertheless Doyle found evidence in America "of a marked uprising of the spirit, which reveals itself in the fact that a man like Henry Ford, the most amazing master of the material the world has ever known, is interested in metaphysics." Viereck said: "Ford told me that an inner voice resembling the spirit mentor of Socrates guides him in all his decisions." Doyle was sure sooner

or later Ford would land in the spiritualist camp. Asked if he considered Ford a great man, he said, "a great personality because he is uncorrupted by his millions." And so the interview runs on with a great deal of interesting matter in it.

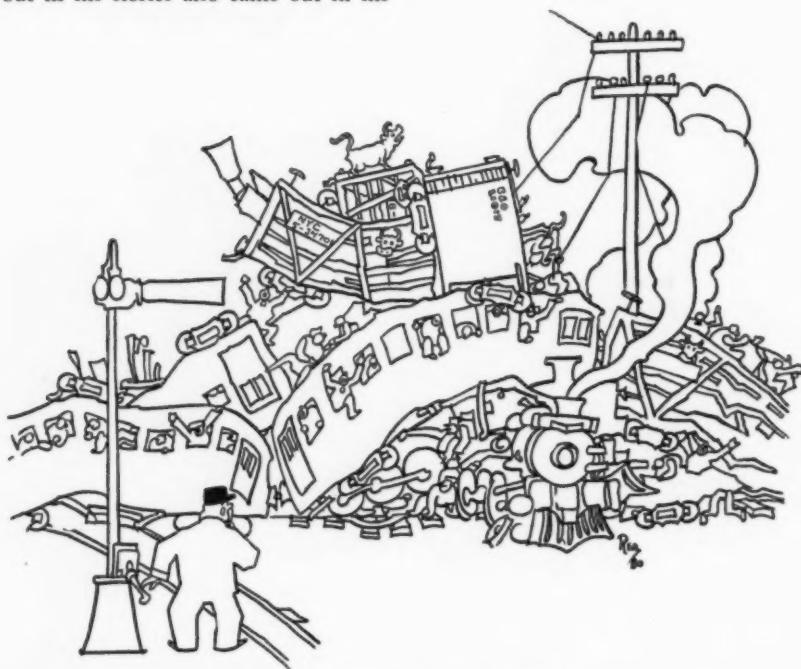
The *New Republic* ends a paragraph about Doyle by saying that after he had made a fortune out of Sherlock Holmes he retired to his country place in Sussex and devoted himself to the hobbies of an English country gentleman. "Spiritism," it says, "to which he devoted his last years may be regarded as the latest and most engrossing of these hobbies."

That is like saying that Paul of Tarsus, a meddlesome creature who liked to beat up persons of different views than himself, saw a vision one day and never settled down to anything afterwards but led the life of a vagabond preacher.

Doyle continued writing stories up to two or three years ago but besides that he wrote many spiritualist books, and travelled widely in the United States, Australia, New Zealand and elsewhere lecturing on spiritualism. If it was a hobby at least he worked it hard, but it was much more than that. What he called "The New Revelation" made everything else seem relatively unimportant to him.

DOYLE would have made a good contributor to the *New Republic*. He had a large capacity for belief. Being Irish it was easy for him to believe in fairies. The effect on him of his spiritualist studies that ran back thirty years was very like the effect of Swedenborg on the late John Bigelow. Mr. Bigelow in middle life ran across some of Swedenborg's writing by accident in the West Indies, was delayed there until he had read them all, and came back with a whole new outfit of belief in things that before he had not had positive views about. He described what happened to him in a book that he wrote called "The Bible that was Lost and is Found." It was very much the same sort of experience that Lodge, Doyle and others of that company have passed through.

—E. S. Martin.



PHILOSOPHICAL SWITCHMAN: Well, well! That's one on you.



"Hank Peters! After work you come right straight home an' clean up that mess in th' back yard!"

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

THE activities of the police, in their attempt to clean up Earl Carroll's "Vanities," have moved me to serious reflection on the corruptibility of our public morals. Two or three years ago I was summonsed by the District Attorney to sit in judgment, along with eleven compatriots, on Miss Mae West's "Sex," a piece which had stirred the authorities to exercise their questionable prerogatives of censorship. The performance, while not fully in accord with Matthew Arnold's conception of culture, struck me as a splendid sermon against vice, a beautiful object lesson on how not to behave. The gentleman who accompanied me was offended, to be sure, but his complaints were that the butler had white buttons on his waistcoat and that the naval officers in the Trinidad scene had the wrong insignia on their caps. Neither of us, from sitting through two hours and a half of the debaucheries which had inspired the censors, felt inclined to go out and lead sinful lives, and it does not seem to me that a play lacking that definite, wicked motivation can possibly be called "an offense against the public morals," to quote from the literature with which we jurors were provided. Taking the matter very gravely, and wishing to be quite certain as to the distinction, if any, which the District Attorney might draw between morality and good taste, I pressed him, before voting, for a definition which would aid me in reaching an honest decision. Several of my *confreeres* nodded their approval of my curiosity. But the District Attorney only gave me a black look and asked severely, "Didn't you read your pamphlet?" I am positive that he had no more idea than we of what could be called an offense against the public morals.

I am sorry that the "Vanities" has awakened the censors, because I do not feel that Mr. Carroll deserves such excellent publicity. Patrons will now rush to his revue in a prurient spirit, and he will provide them with plenty of smut, no matter what he may have had to excise and tone down in order to conform to the law. I care very little what happens to the young women who were haled into court with him, but the case of Jimmie Savo, a wistful and ingratiating clown, was indeed pathetic. Mr. Savo had been on the

even a bridge player, failing to take her partner out of a double of one, is shot almost before she can sort her hand, a homicide which seems to me quite justifiable. Of course "Lysistrata" was burlesqued, a number without which I, inimical to take-offs on plays, could easily have managed to do. The John Held boys and girls were good, and so were the jabs at cheer-leading and the discourtesy prevalent in the box-offices and aisles of the legitimate theatre. A young woman named Sibylla Bowhan

literally stopped the show with her dance, and William Holbrook proved his pedal versatility by reviving several of his old steps. But the best thing on the entire program was the finale, a travesty of the hunting ballet in "Simple Simon," with various members of the Lambs skipping about in red coats and tarleton skirts, and Mr. Holbrook pulling the premiere danseuse stuff of Harriet Hctor. Don't walk out on it merely because it is the final fea-



HE: *There's nothing to this theory that exercise reduces—look at those double chins!*

stage twenty-five years without uttering a syllable until he met up with Mr. Carroll. Pantomime was his specialty, and he had a strong suspicion that all would not be well if he were obliged to talk. Mr. Carroll, insisting that he speak, was kind enough to provide him with one of the roughest lines in our contemporary theatre. As Ramsay Milholland said of the German invasion of Belgium, "it don't look right to me!"

WHO CARES," which is so nonchalant as to do away with a question mark, is a brisk and entertaining revue made up in part of material hitherto used in some of the Lambs' gambols. Some of the sketches are as comical as anything to be seen so far this season, particularly the one based on a quiet night in Chicago, in which shooting is so wholesale that

as the audiences are quite likely to do on the famous bacchanal in "Lysistrata." These dance and music shows are all very well for summer fare, but I am beginning to feel as though there is never going to be anything else. What wouldn't I give, in the midst of all these shins and chiffons, for a good old-fashioned "drammer?" It would even be a refreshing change to see Eliza crossing the ice.

PROBABLY not many New Yorkers took the trouble to perspire their way to Philadelphia to see Pauline Lord in "Candida." Her magnificent performance leads one to melancholy reflections on the current lot of play-makers. The greater the actress, the greater the demand on the writer. And the writer who can turn out a play worthy of Miss Lord's best efforts is made.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"The Czar Of Broadway"

HERE is another film which seeks to prove that a murderous gangster is a hero behind whose bullet-proof vest beats a heart of gold. According to reports, we have a board of censorship that is supposed to protect youngsters and gullible adults from the influence of films in which the moral is a touch cock-eyed, but it begins to appear that so long as the subject of sex is avoided, the censors remain calm and sit idly by with their scissors in their laps. It is barely possible that these smut experts know less about sex than any other social problem—which, of course, necessitates an added vigilance whenever the subject is introduced. Despite this alleged vigilance, "The Czar of Broadway" manages to sneak a kept woman by Will Hayes and the boys. This is not in the nature of a protest, as we make no pretense of objecting to the movies dealing with the more refined illegitimacies.

However we do object, strenuously, to the business of eulogizing gangsters, and for this reason did not enjoy "The Czar of Broadway." Justice demands that we commend the performances of John Wray, Betty Compson and John Harron. The direction by William James Craft is also competent.

An old trouser, King Baggot, makes a brief appearance. It is nice to see him again.

"Sweethearts and Wives"

THIS screen version of Walter Hackett's play, "Other Men's Wives," commits the common error of the movies, which is to give you too much for your money. The plot of the thing is not simple to begin with, and in attempting to make each point perfectly clear, the action gets involved in a mess of detail that reduces the players at times to dim figures that stand about making explanations like the barkers on sight-seeing buses.

The ability of the cast, headed by Billie Dove and Clive Brook, makes it possible to assimilate the large order of mystery, blackmail, mistaken identity and missing jewels without developing a headache. Miss Dove, who has always been beautiful, qualifies very

nicely for talking parts . . . and perhaps some day she may be given a rôle that will allow her to make the most of her talents. This has not been done to date. Mr. Brook is in his element as a divorce detective who makes suave speeches in an effort to upset the equally suave Miss Dove and discover who did what to who and which husband belongs to whose wife. Mr. Brook continues to possess the screen's most expressive pair of eyebrows.

Mr. Sidney Blackmer (the discussion of this picture will be confined to the players because if we ever got into

an astute director like Clarence Badger will resort to obvious, hackneyed situations in an attempt to provoke a giggle from the few people in an audience who are very easily amused. The chief victim of this mistake is Leila Hyams, who often looks as though she knows darned well it shouldn't be done. It is quite possible that Mr. Badger was often more unhappy than Miss Hyams when he had to say "Yes." The movies are like that.

"Sweethearts And Wives" offers a mildly amusing evening. We almost said "offer."



"H'm, an old Master, what?"
"Anything but, sir. It's the old missus."

the plot we couldn't get out of it), who gained his stage reputation under the direction of David Belasco, seems a bit deferential to the microphone, and consequently speaks with a meticulous nicety that makes you want to stick a pin in him occasionally. However, we heard two gals sitting nearby make the statement that he is the type who should play parts like George Bancroft and not waste his virility in society pictures, so he will probably be a success.

A point difficult to explain is why

"The Border Legion"

THE BORDER LEGION" is another of the stories of the great outdoors that have been taken, without a struggle, from Zane Grey novels and converted into movies. Reviewers should always read the books on which movies are based in order to discuss the adaptation with intelligence, but many book reporters have said that Mr. Grey's works are not awfully good, so we did not read this one. We critics must stick together.

We found "The Border Legion" easy to take, the chief reason being our admiration for Jack Holt's outdoor manner. Whatever else may be said about Mr. Holt, he always looks and acts masculine, which is a help when you consider the number of men on the screen and stage who do not. What is more, Mr. Holt delivers his lines with a naturalness and intelligibility that complete an unusually pleasant movie personality. He is one of those steady, consistent fellows whose very reliability suits him for rôles that do not offer many opportunities for histrionic brilliance. However, it is well to remember that if Mr. Holt is seldom brilliant, he is never annoying.

The cast includes Richard Arlen, who gives a creditable performance as the young cowpuncher who joins the lawless Border Legion to escape a cruel injustice and is led to honesty and love by the outlaw leader, Mr. Holt. If Zane Grey's ideas are not exactly new, they at least follow a formula that is easy to understand.

There is no use to try to keep the kids from seeing this one, and what's more, it will not hurt them.

Life in Washington



Mr. Hoover Keeps The Senate After School

THE story of the President's refusal to let the senators go home, made some time ago when he had just been seeped out and is amusing social Washington. It seems that the plea of the senators for a holiday, with emphasis on the political necessity for their getting home, was presented by Senator James E. Watson, of Indiana, Republican leader of the Senate. With tears in his voice he told the President how the wicked were driving beer wagons through the political fences of the faithful, while the latter labored without reward or glory in the Washington heat.

But this turned out to be an unfortunate choice of a spokesman for the weary senators, so far as the President is concerned. For Jim Watson is suspect. No one around Washington need think he can do or say anything unfavorable to the President without the word being speedily conveyed to No. 1600 Pennsylvania avenue. The days back in old Venice when, if you didn't like a fellow, you dropped an accusation against him in the lion's mouth have nothing on Washington so far as the President is concerned.

That man just dotes on hearing all the bad news. Good news does not interest him nearly so much. And there are lion's mouths all over Washington, bearing startling resemblance to human ears. Just say something about Mr. Hoover and he will know it next day. He has been hearing a lot lately.

Anyway the story goes that Jim Watson has gotten pretty sick of Hoover ordering him around—expecting him to make bricks without straw and obtain rollcall victories without administration senators or patronage. So, according to these reports via the lion's mouths, Watson put one over on Herbert. It concerns this Spanish War Veterans' pension bill, which the President had vetoed.

The Senate promptly voted to pass the bill over the Chief's head, but over on the House side plans had been made for a nice compromise with reference to aiding these embalmed beef sufferers of the Spanish war. Everybody's face was to be saved. No rough language was to be used.

Brave Harold Knutson, who comes from Minnesota, where even the regulars are pretty Bolshevik, had mixed up the medicine that was to make everybody happy, including the President.

BUT no. Through the devilry of Jim Watson only twelve minutes—count them—elapsed between the announcement that the bill had passed the Senate and its presentation to the House. Never in history had a bill gotten from the Senate to the House so quickly. The curves under the tobacco blossoms just outside the Supreme Court chamber had been banked for the fleet runner, and Capitol police roped off a passage through the Chamber of Horrors so that school teachers listening to lectures by guides could not trip up the messenger.

One teacher's parasol between the legs of that runner would have averted headlines next day telling of the rebuff of the President. But there was not even an umbrella under which to take shelter.

As a result when the crash of Nick Longworth's gavel announced the arrival of the bill most members of the House did not even know the Senate had voted. Honest John Tillson had not suspected either Jim Watson of duplicity or the Senate of speed. Twenty-four hours later

Harold Knutson would have been ready, but now there was no Horatius at the bridge.

Nick banged his gavel again. No one even made a point of order. The massacre was terrible. "Hoover Overridden Again" went the headlines.

SO Jim the Smart, having been preceded by lion's mouth messages, found a frosty reception at the White House. A Senate which can rush a bill over to the House in twelve minutes does not need six months to think over a treaty, the President opined, though it is understood he made no reference to the matter. . . . And the poor senators who lack the nerve to play hooky must stew here while their enemies plot and perhaps even accomplish things back home where the votes begin.

Meanwhile Mr. Hearst (for the first time in history) rising to the defense of the British Empire, insists that the naval treaty ought to be beaten and Mr. Coolidge brought back to save the country.

Is it not a pleasant summer?

—Carter Field.



MERCHANT: *Maybe next week I could pay you! But dis week bitzness has been fundamentally sound.*

Prophecies of the Week

The human jaw is shrinking. The modern tendency is for mankind to become more and more "rabbit-mouthed." If it continues, Americans will ultimately have smaller jaws and a physical appearance markedly different from today.

—H. Gordon Garredian.

We can look for reasonable prosperity, within the next year.

—Secretary Davis.

Business will *not* be back to normal by November.

—Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Although governments have not reached the point of officially uniting against the Soviet, the steel, oil and money kings who control them are hard at work and their creatures—Generals and Chiefs of Staff—are sowing the soil for a new harvest of destruction.

—Karl B. Radek, Moscow Journalist.

The Labor party (England) will be supplanted next year by the Tories.

—Sir Charles Higham, British advertising man.

I see nothing in the present situation that threatens the future supremacy of the railroads in the transportation field.—Frank McManamy, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

We'll get back our friends now . . . All our friends drank and we knew it, and so not to embarrass them we had to stay at home.—Mrs. Maurice Campbell, wife of New York's erstwhile prohibition administrator.

I believe the time will come, and, perhaps, not so far distant, when rocket flights will be made between Europe and America in three hours.

—Prince Alfonso of Spain.

From \$23,000,000 to \$125,000,000 of old currency (big bills) will disappear without being repaid.

—Treasury officials.

This inland waterway undertaking (authorized by Rivers and Harbors bill) . . . should provide employment for thousands of men. It should be fruitful of decreased charges of bulk goods, should bring great benefits to our farmers and to our industries. It should result in a better distribution of population away from the congested centers.

—Herbert Hoover.

Tests made on tiny male animals show that the implanting of a third gland makes a more powerful and healthy animal. . . . Such an operation on a man would increase brain power and in the third generation would make a race of giants.

—Dr. Serge Voronoff.

Shock

I dreamed that Shaw and Mencken both were dead,

The fact announced itself, abrupt and terse,

Because there ramped and roared about my head

Two silences that dared the universe.

—Beatrice Ravenel.

Fire!

The owner of a New York hotel which burned is in jail. It is believed the fire was caused by a short circuit in the hotel's banking connections.



"Hm, that poor relation I've heard about."

New York Life

Biggest Gyp

THE biggest gyp in New York is to be found in the *Penny Arcade* on West Forty-second Street. It is the third machine on the right and is entitled, "*The Sultan's Favorite*."

Decline of Bibulosity

The total daily gallonage of liquor consumed in New York must be simply stupefying. Yet, most observers agree that drinking is considerably more civilized than it was five years ago; that it may now be considered one of the milder humanities.

The most unwelcome guest in any speakeasy is the chronic drunk. He is noisy, usually witless, sometimes unusually witless, anti-social and likely to precipitate problems. The same is true at private parties. People who used to get roaring drunk, when drinking was a prank, now foregather at the cocktail hour, remove that dingy film from tired nerves and behave like human beings. The man who can't hold his liquor, when consumption does run into quantity, discovers before long that he is running around with a great big hole in his social sock.

Perhaps this is another symptom—very much in evidence politically—that the Prohibition question is entering the constructive phase.

Honest Eating

The *Exchange Buffet* on Park Avenue at Forty-first Street is run on the honor system. You go in, eat what you want, then tell the cashier how much you owe. One of the employees

tells about a Scotchman who started out of the door when the cashier stopped him and said, "How much do you owe?"

"Nothing," replied the Scot, taking a toothpick, "I was just looking."

Power of Radio

A couple of tough looking boys were admiring a huge limousine standing outside of 277 Park Avenue.

"Looks like a foreign bus," said one. "Wonder what kind it is."

"Aw, don't be dumb," replied his buddy. "Ain't you heard it advertised over the radio? It's one of them *Ipanas*."

summoned an ambulance . . . Walking on up to the corner of Forty-third Street and Broadway we found a large crowd gazing intently in the air. We joined them and looked up. On the fifth floor of a building a small colored man was washing a window.

Promotion

A friend of ours is somewhat of a gourmet. He lives in one of New York's leading hotels and eats a great many of his meals there. Being inordinately fond of porterhouse steak, he arranged a surreptitious visit to the kitchen. Here he prowled about until he located a youth named Tony, who was in charge of broiling steaks. To him he gave his name and a bottle,

telling him always to make sure only the best steaks were sent to his table, and explaining in detail how they should be prepared. It worked like a charm—the most succulent steaks were his. Some months later, after Tony had received various donations from his client, the latter had three people for dinner—a young lady on whom he wished to make a tremendous impression, and an influential business man and his wife. He ordered the dinner, instructing the waiter to be sure to tell Tony the steak was for him. Suddenly the host felt

himself clapped on the shoulder and an excited waiter was standing before him. "Look, my friend, it is me, Tony! I am promote—I am waiter now!"

Serving Notice

Lou Holtz, who has been rocking the customers at the *Palace*, says that the gunmen in Chicago have given the police twenty-four hours to leave town.



"I think, Helen, that it's quite courageous of us to go to Paris alone."

Attention Values

Turning the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue a few mornings ago we almost stepped on a man lying on the sidewalk. As we stood there at least thirty people passed with no more than a casual glance at the fellow who was elderly and obviously ill. We went to the next corner and notified a policeman who returned with us and



The Saturday band concert at Yahoo Center.

The Family Album



Reprinted from *LIFE*, Sept. 18, 1913.

"For goodness sake, Albert, don't begin complaining of hard times. You know very well that, in our position, we can't afford to economize."

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 26

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—The best comedy in town, giving the proper slant on sex.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*. \$3.00—The same old theme, handled fairly well without gloves.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Grace George winning back an errant husband, ably supported by an excellent cast.

★THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.00—Mutiny in the death house made into a splendid, spine-rendering play.

★APRON STRINGS. *Forty-eighth Street*. \$3.00—Slight comedy about a boy who lets his mother run his love affairs.

★THE GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—Marc Connelly's Pulitzer Prize winner, unfolding reverently and humorously the old-time darky's panorama of the Bible.

STEPPING SISTERS. *Royale*—Not so much.

★LOST SHEEP. *Selwyn*. \$3.00—A clergyman's family move into an ex-brothel, and the author should have done better with such a splendid idea.

★LYSISTRATA. *Forty-fourth Street*. \$5.50—A revival of the Aristophanes comedy which gave the ancient Greeks a choice between two kinds of arms. Magnificent production.

★JOURNEY'S END. *Miller*. \$4.40—This popular war play reopens.

Musical

★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—Jack Donaghy as a Musical doughboy in a good song and dance show.

★FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*. \$6.60—Bert Lahr being very funny in one of the season's favorites.

★THREE LITTLE GIRLS. *Shubert*. \$5.50—German music pleasingly sung in English on a revolving stage.

★THE GARRICK GAIETIES. *Guild*. \$3.00—A fresh, charming and humorous revue.

★ARTISTS AND MODELS. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Anatomical revelation for the summer trade.

★EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES. *New Amsterdam*. \$6.60—An elaborate and smutty parade.

WHO CARES. *Chanin's Forty-sixth Street*—Brisk and entertaining revue.

Records

Victor

"AFTER YOU'VE GONE" and

"ST. LOUIS BLUES"—Thomas Waller and Benjie Payne playing a couple of favorites on two pianos. So-So.

Columbia

"GIRL TROUBLE"—Eddie Walters in serious trouble and singing about it. Very entertaining—and

"A BENCH IN THE PARK" (*King of Jazz*)—Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. A trio that harmonizes perfectly, and a piano accompaniment that is an added attraction.

"STEAMBOAT BILL"—Paul Tremaine and His Orchestra in an enthusiastic version of this ancient masterpiece. Good fun and plenty of action—and

"WHEN THE DAY'S WORK'S ALL DONE"—Another arrangement by Paul Tremaine. A lazy, drawling exhortation that you might like.

"SWINGIN' IN A HAMMOCK"—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians. Good hot weather dance music. Slow, faultless rhythm and an excellent orchestration—and

"UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN SWEETHEART"—Waltz, played by the same orchestra. Easy to listen to until the vocal solo enters—a bit off pitch.

Okey

"TIGER RAG"—Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra. Too noisy and jumbled up—and

"DINAH"—Same gang. If you like Hot-Stuff music this will appeal to you. Several keen breaks.

Sheet Music

"Lo-Lo" (Movie. *Sea Bat*)

"Dust" (Movie. *Children Of Pleasure*)

"I Love You So Much" (Movie. *The Cuckoos*)

"Believe It Or Not, I've Found My Man" and

"Love Among the Millionaires" (Movie. *Love Among the Millionaires*)

"Washin' The Blues From My Soul"—No show.

"Dreary Night"—No show.

(Continued on Page 26)



VOICE OF TELEPHONE OPERATOR: Number, please?

CONSCIENTIOUS SUBSCRIBER: Well, as a matter of fact, about fifteen minutes ago I wanted the fire brigade, but that's being arranged for now. Thanks very much.

—Punch (by permission.)



WIFE: Do you know which Pope it was that gave us our present calendar?

HUSBAND: Pope? Good gracious! I thought it always came from the grocer.

—Punch (by permission).

The American Opera company, which for three years has been presenting grand opera in English, has decided not to carry on next season. Then what we long feared has come to pass. The American public will not listen to grand opera unless the music is occasionally interrupted by a good, snappy advertising talk.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

VISITOR: Where's the other windmill gone to?

NATIVE: We only had wind enough for one so we took the other one down.

—New Goblin.

FATHER: Well, my boy, any college debts?

SON: Nothing, Father, but what with diligence, economy, and stern self-denial you will be able to pay.

—The Pathfinder.

GUEST: Waiter, just look at this piece of chicken; it is nothing but skin and bone.

WAITER: Yes, sir. D'you want the feathers too?

—Hummel, Hamburg.

According to a police official there is a superstition among thieves that it is unlucky to rob a lawyer. Other people merely regard it as impossible.

—Punch.



"Fire! Fire!"

"Where?"

"Here; you ass!"

—London Opinion.



"Why don't you sound yer 'orn?"

"Why don't you sound your aitches?"

—Everybody's Weekly.

A gift of safety-razors sent to Mr. George Bernard Shaw has revived interest in the rumor that the famous beard is being purchased for the nation.

—Punch.

LANDLADY: Mr. Brown called about his account this morning, sir.

LODGER: And you told him that I'd just left for California?

LANDLADY: Yes, sir, and that you wouldn't be back till late this evening.

—London Opinion.

"That house I have taken from you," said the dissatisfied tenant, "is horribly draughty. When I am sitting in the middle of the room my hair blows all over my head. Can't you do something about the windows?"

"Don't you think, sir," replied the agent suavely, "it would be easier and cheaper for you to get your hair cut?"

—Sunderland Echo.

A young couple who had just married received many presents after establishing their home in a suburb. One morning they received two theatre tickets, with a note which read: "Guess who sent these?"

On the appointed evening they went to the theatre, returning very late. To their astonishment everything of any value in the house had been carried away.

On a table in the dining-room they found this note: "Now you know."

—Tit-Bits.

"A flood of stein songs," says a theatrical weekly, "may now be looked for." As the University of Maine goes, so goes the nation.

—Detroit News.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Camps

PAUSE in the midst of your planning. Think for a moment of hundreds of other boys, just the age of your Bob, or Tom, or Dick, or Bill, just as lively, with the same zest for joy and carefree happiness that you love in your own boy. Perhaps they have fathers who would like to give them the best and cannot; perhaps they have no fathers at all, but must themselves play the paternal role for younger brothers and sisters—What about their summer playtime?

You are mighty careful in selecting the proper environment for your son; it must equal that in his home. But for many of our boys, home was never like the sixteen days at LIFE's camp. The well-balanced, nourishing diet; milk, plenty of it regularly; the careful, interested guidance of the "Big Brother" counsellors; the refreshing outdoor life—to most of our boys all this is a revelation, to many of them, weighted down with responsibilities often too heavy for more mature shoulders, this bit of camp life, this spot of joyousness in a drab existence will be their only ideal of clean and simple living. It will be a bright star—the token of what they will strive to give their children.

Won't you give them a chance to know just a little of the happiness that is your child's heritage, that is every child's birthright? It takes so little to help us to help them. While you are making out checks to defray the expenses of your children's summer vacation, won't you make out one for twenty-five dollars for the happiness of another little child?

Please make that check payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 60 East 42nd Street, New York.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-three years. In that time it has expended over \$547,000 and has provided more than 53,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty-five dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Everett, Jr., Boston	5.00
R. W., Seymour, Conn.	10.00
Miss Emily G. Hopkinson, Merion, Pa.	5.00
Mrs. K. R. Babbitt, New York	6.00
In Memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Dutcher and Marion F. Dutcher	5.00
A. R. Graustein, New York	10.00
In Memory of Fitch W. Smith	25.00

Mr. and Mrs. Ledlie I. Laughlin, Princeton, N. J.	50.00
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Mrs. Claire B. Peters, Brooklyn	5.00
A Friend, New Britain, Conn.	10.00
Tracy Samuels, Chicago	5.00
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Masters De Ford and Louis Beal, Beverly Farms, Mass.	10.00
Worcester Proudfoot, Boston	20.00
In Memory of James Russell Houston	10.00
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C. W. Hitschler, Philadelphia	2.00
Stella M. Osgood, Pittsfield, N. H.	10.00
B. B. Schneider, Jr., S. Orange	25.00
In Memory of S. W. B.	25.00
D. M., Andover, Mass.	50.00
Alleen K. Gibson, Salem, O.	25.00

(Continued on page 31)



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The Great White Way, only a few blocks away, offers the latest amusement attractions—theatres, motion pictures, music and night life.

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The Roosevelt offers easy access to golf courses, flying fields and sports of all kinds. We shall be glad to aid our patrons in securing desirable tickets for sporting events.



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NAME

ADDRESS

The ROOSEVELT
Edward Clinton Ford, Managing Director
Madison Avenue and 45th Street, New York City



Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 23)

Hotels for Dining and Dancing

C—(Cover Charge)

★—(Must Dress)

AMBASSADOR GREEN ROOM, Park at 51st. No cover. Harold Stern's orchestra.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th. C(after 9 o'clock)—\$1.00—Myer Davis Orchestra.

BILTMORE CASCADES, Madison at 43rd Street. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Bert Lown's Orchestra.

MCALPIN ROOF, Broadway at 34th Street. C\$1.00 week-days; \$1.50 Saturdays. Eddie Lane's Orchestra.

NEW YORKER TERRACE RESTAURANT, 8th Ave. at 34th. C(after 10 o'clock) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Barney Rapp's orchestra.

PARK CENTRAL ROOF, 7th Ave. at 55th. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.50 Saturdays. Don Bigelow Orchestra—dances by Easter and Hazelton.

PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7th Ave. at 33rd. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; Saturdays, \$2.00. Phil Spitalny orchestra.

RITZ CARLTON ROOF, Madison at 46th. No cover. Ritz Orchestra.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 45th. No cover. Leo Furst orchestra.

★ST. REGIS ROOF, 5th Ave. at 55th. C\$2 (after 10 o'clock) Vincent Lopez orchestra. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda.

BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn. Jack Albin's orchestra. Cover, \$1.00(after 9) week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 46

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A	L	L	Y		P	U	M	I	C	E
R	I	O		B	E	D		T	H	E
D	O	C	T	O	R		P	E	O	N
		O	X		P	A				
W	R	I	T		G	A	R	R	E	T
H	U	R		H	A	W		E	L	I
A	B	O	D	E	S		T	A	I	L
T	E	N	O	R		C	O	R	A	L



What to do till the doctor comes?

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

Howard Powell,
Palmer Sanatorium,
Springfield, Ill.

Explanation: If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again.

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Jack Holmes,
407 E. Pine Street,
Seattle, Wash.

Explanation: Apply a warm application where most needed.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

W. A. Jones,
3209 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Explanation: Give the little girl a big hand.

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

John Warner, Jr.,
1621 Parker Avenue,
Berkeley, Calif.

Explanation: He won't be happy 'till he gets one.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

...

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

...

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

...

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

...

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

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NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

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60 East 42nd St., New York City

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed

Life

FIFTEEN, RUE TAITBOUT
PARIS

Dear LIFE Readers:

Of course, if you already know all about Paris, then you don't need me when you come over. But if it's your first trip, or it's been a little while since you were over, or you went in just for the sightseeing sights the last time, then there are heaps of ways I can help you.

And I want to help you. LIFE has given me the job of making Paris mean real Enjoyment of Living to every LIFE reader who comes over. There is no task so dreary that we can't lighten it a little for you, and no problem so complicated but that we can work out a way to solve it. If it's a small matter of planning a luncheon that will make the eyes of all the guests pop out with envy, we can swing it. If it's a villa you want for a month, it can be got—and at the right price. If it's the secret of finding shoes that will stand traveler's wear, or gloves that fit like skin itself, or monograms made by hand for that set of thingummies you bought—it's all easy. It's our business to know these things and to whisper them to you.

We can give you the secret of how to put on swank that has all the assurance of the absolutely correct behind it, or we can show you how the other half *really* lives. We can put some fun into your reckless extravagances or we can put you wise to the secrets of living on an almost infinitesimal number of francs per diem and having adventures no money could buy.

And don't forget this is all done with LIFE's compliments. Your only obligation, as we said once before, is to have a grand time. Come and have it.

Call me up at Provence 42-90.

Yours,

Lucy B. Wells

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● Study the arrangements for this cruise. They go far beyond (1) the ship, distinguished Empress of Australia, 21,850 gross tons... (2) 137 days of spring-around-the-world... (3) this high-spot itinerary... even beyond (4) the Paris-New York standard of cuisine and service. This cruise is built on Canadian Pacific's round-the-world system of rail, ship, hotel, and key-city offices... its "5th Ace." Hence, you've nothing to do but enjoy! ● Eighth season. From New York, December 2. As low as \$2000 ● Information, illustrated booklets, ship plans, from your own agent or any Canadian Pacific office: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Montreal and 30 other cities in the United States and Canada.

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Hong Kong,
Shanghai, Pe-
king... jades,
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ALGIERS
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BETHLEHEM
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CAIRO
New Year's Eve...

INDIA
The Taj Mahal...

CEYLON
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SIAM
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YOU SAIL when
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Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar. Foreign \$1.40. Send *LIFE* for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 60 E. 42nd Street, New York

One Year \$5

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Life in Society



Mrs. Grafton Funstalk Entertains

Mrs. Grafton Funstalk of the Newport Summer Colony entertaining Mr. Beverly Livingston with a party on her divan, while Mrs. Livingston (the third party on the divan) having nobody to entertain, lowers her tops for an even tan.

Among those sailing tomorrow on the Mauretania are Mr. and Mrs. Phelps-Phelps, who will be in Baden-Baden for the Summer-Summer.

Mr. Russell Owen of the New York Times spent the week end in the cold storage house of Revillon Frères.

Arthur H. Bunker has been entertaining on board his yacht this week, as who couldn't be?

Miss Deborah Grover of Fairfield will give a dinner party at her home before the dance at the Fairfield Beach Club Saturday evening so she won't have to dance alone.

Princess Aymon de Faucigny Lucinge will leave the Maidstone today for Newport because someone paged Miss Lucinge.

Mrs. J. Stewart Barclay gave a luncheon yesterday at Sherry's for her new \$300,000 necklace.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hilles of Montclair were dinner hosts at the Montclair Hotel last night in honor of their daughter, Miss Lillian Hilles, and her fiancé, Winston Griffith. This is the first of a series of dinners that Mr. Griffith will eat on Mr. and Mrs. Hilles.

Mrs. Cornelius Tiers, who is passing the season at Keewaydin with her daughter, Miss Margaret D. Tiers, and son, Mr. Cornelius S. Tiers, gave a luncheon today at the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club for her guests, Miss Margaret D. Tiers, and son, Mr. Cornelius S. Tiers, who are passing the summer with their mother, Mrs. Cornelius Tiers, at Keewaydin.

—Jack Cluett.

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TO BE SURE OF

YOUR CLUBS

USE....

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BUTCHART
-NICHOLLS

**GOLF
CLUBS**

FULL LINE OF

WOODS AND IRONS

ASK YOUR PRO - HE SELLS THEM

BUTCHART-NICHOLLS CO. SPRINGDALE, CONN.

In retaliation for the Senate's action on dial telephones, it is rumored the engineers may go to work and invent a dial Senator. —*Detroit News.*

Relieves Dandruff....
Keeps Hair Neat....
No Undesirable Shine

GLO-CO
Unscented
LIQUID
HAIR-
Dressing

When in NEW YORK

May we suggest the added pleasure of stopping at this distinguished, centrally located, Residential Hotel!

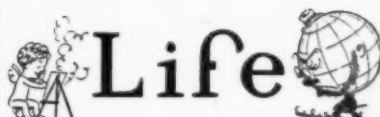
Continental Cuisine

We request advance reservations for Transient Accommodations.

LOMBARDY

111 EAST 56TH STREET
JUST OFF PARK AVENUE NEW YORK

Direction: North Hotel Corporation



August 1, 1930

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DOCTOR: To be quite candid with you, your only trouble is laziness.

PATIENT: Yes, Doc, I know. But what's the scientific name for it? I've got to report to the wife.

—*Everybody's Weekly.*

"Honey, I'm knee-deep in love with you."

"All right, I'll put you on my wading list."

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

WIDOW: I'm very sorry that I couldn't see you when you called, but I was having my hair washed.

WIDOWER: Yes, and those laundries are so slow about returning things, too.

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

"Has your wife made home happier since she went to cooking school?"

"Much happier," declared Mr. Meek-ton. "We have both learned to appreciate plain, simple restaurant food."

—*Washington Star.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

MR. PEEWEE: Why did you get me such big shirts? These are four sizes too large for me.

HIS WIFE: They cost just the same as your size, and I wasn't going to let a strange clerk know I married such a little shrimp.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

Answers to Anagrams

(on Page 8)

- (1) Stymie.
- (2) Chortle.
- (3) Hermit.
- (4) Disciple.
- (5) Insurgent.

REDUCED
SUMMER RATES



New York
to and from

California

through Panama Canal
via Havana

Three great, new turbo-electric liners, each over 33,000 tons—S. S. California, S. S. Virginia, S. S. Pennsylvania. All outside rooms, many with baths. Outdoor, built-in-deck swimming pools. All modern shipboard luxuries.

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Line ALL NEW
STEAMERS
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH
ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE



After all a man's smoke ... is a pipe

A MAN'S SMOKE, a loyal companion no matter how you feel—that's a good pipe filled with good tobacco.

So many men in so many lands have found that Edgeworth is *their* tobacco that we want you to know about it, too. Fill your favorite pipe with Edgeworth—the fine old burley blend. See it glow comfortably to life as you touch your match to it. Enjoy the full, rich, cool smoke—the flavor that never changes and the fragrance that even non-smokers like.

If you're new to pipes, get a good one. And let us fill it for you the first several times. Just clip the coupon and send it in to us. We'll be right there with a generous, let's-get-acquainted packet of genuine old Edgeworth—free.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a combination of good tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor never change. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slices." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.—Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.



LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.,
Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it
in a good pipe.

My name _____

My street address _____

And the town and state _____

Now let the Edgeworth come! L-89



RHODODENDRON PIE, by Margery Sharp. *D. Appleton & Co.*, \$2.50. Delightfully witty, irreverent and devastating first novel by a young English girl, who knows her Jane Austen, and of whom Jane would approve. Ann, chief character, cribbed, cabined and confined in a family of British highhatters, eventually goes native, symbolizing the well worn truth that British stupidity muddles through. Really a satire on a satire.

...

INVESTMENT FUNDAMENTALS, by Roger W. Babson. *Harper & Bros.*, \$3. Prophet of profits, Mr. Babson always bobs up serenely, whether it rains, snows or hails. By the time we get through reading this comprehensive exposure, telling us so cordially, sincerely and (in a manner of speaking) philosophically, what to do with our money (assuming that we have any left) we realize that we knew it all before. Therein lies its value. Only a genius of the obvious could convince us that what we already know is worth knowing, by making us aware of the hitherto unsuspected fact that we already knew it.

...

TO MARKET, TO MARKET, by Emma L. Brock. *Alfred A. Knopf*, \$1.75. Occasionally there comes along a book created for children which, by sheer artistry, is ageless in its power to captivate the mind. The author of that former gem, *The Runaway Sardine*, again gives us, in her Dutch Duck and Mouse, all of the essential elements: brevity, plot, and true comedy. One may look at her pictures over and over, without tiring.

...

THE RETURN OF THE HERO, by Darrell Figgis, with an introduction by James Stephens. *Charles Boni* (paper books), 50 cents. Modern Irish literature, at its best, has such rare qualities, is such a blending of joy and sorrow, of humor and mysticism that in such an example afforded by this remarkable offering, we can but add a note of caution, namely, that it is not for all, only for the elect. A volume to cherish and to read in shadows. The author's career and tragic death, all contribute.

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WOODEN SWORDS, by Jacques Deval. *Viking Press*, \$2.50. Another "different" war book, this a humorous one of war on the side-lines, by a French humorist, and—singular to state—so well translated by Lawrence Morris as actually to be funny when read in English (showing that this *can* be done). One is inclined to exclaim, indeed, why hasn't someone done this before?

...

THE BLUE RAJAH MURDER, by Harold MacGrath. *The Crime Club, Inc.*, \$1. This thriller is proof that the good old formula is always the best, provided you know how to do it. One of the best of the season, along with Edgar Wallace's *Green Ribbon* and Dashiell Hammett's *Maltese Falcon*, already noted: a trinity of top notchers.
—Thomas L. Masson.



POETICAL PETE.

The censors are severe on sin;
They regulate our moral tone;
They've got a lot of time, you see,
For they've no vices of their own.

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(Continued from Page 25)

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Then light up your favorite smoke and puff away. Squibb's puts an extra edge to your smoking enjoyment.

And just before you turn in take time out again. Notice how all furriness and fuzziness disappears — how cool and sweet your mouth feels.

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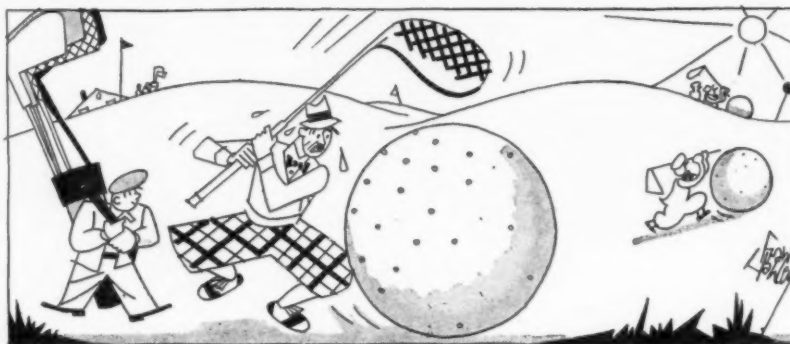
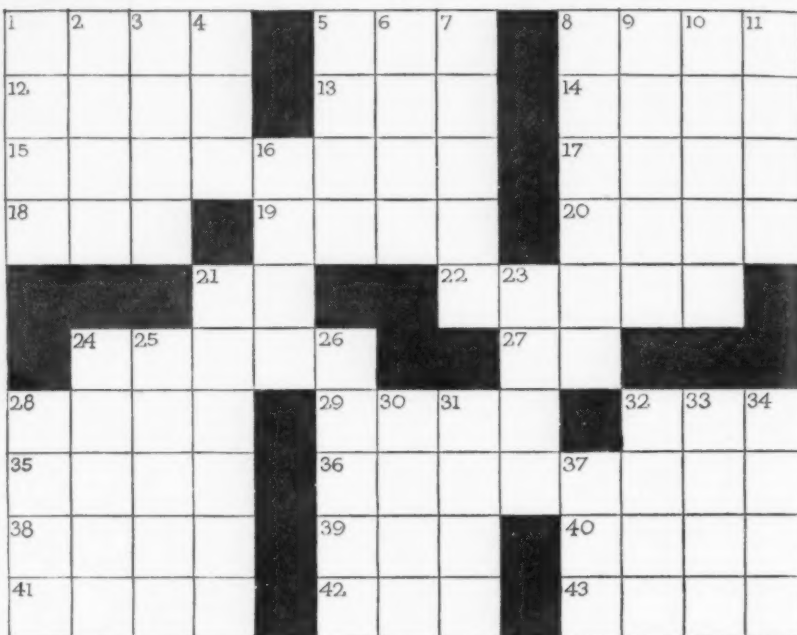
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After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes August 15.



ACROSS

1. Sittin' pretty.
5. This is always waving at ships.
8. These will show you where to get off.
12. The kind of man who won't quit.
13. Dilly dally.
14. The soprano's big opportunity.
15. This should be taken daily.
17. What most people do to time.
18. Just a racket.
19. Perfectly apparent.
20. Poetic island.
21. The right side of the ledger (Abbr.).
22. What made Irving Berlin famous.
24. Stretches across.
27. Not so hot (Abbr.).
28. There's a living one in every home.
29. The man on the other side.
32. Definite article.
35. This is well fitted.
36. Idled.
38. A fish story seldom told.
39. People lie for hours to get this.
40. Tempt.
41. Mistakes.
42. Minus.
43. Sharp and penetrating.

DOWN

1. Old stuff.
2. This will take you for a ride.
3. Sign.
4. By.
5. What girls used to wear.
6. Rest.
7. Deputy.
8. Forming.
9. The first thing you do in the morning.
10. Unpleasant people.
11. Where women flock.
16. Good on the ear, but bad on the toe.
21. Confirmed drys.
23. One.
24. A good way to keep at the office.
25. Kind of bear.
26. Seasons.
28. Not very well done.
30. An old sailor.
31. Minute.
32. Golf stories seldom are.
33. This was never "Over There".
34. Scene of the first garden party.
37. B. P. O. E.

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